

ANCIENT ARABIC ORDER
OF THE
NOBLES OF THE MYSTIC SHRINE.

AL KORAN TEMPLE,
OF
CLEVELAND, OHIO.

ILLUSTRIOUS NOBLE, ATTEND:

Leylet el Khamis, Third Day, First Month, Hejra, 1313,

MOHARRUM!

ANSWERING TO

Thursday, June 27, 1895,

Seven-thirty o'clock p. m.

CATHEDRAL HALL, MASONIC TEMPLE.

MOURNFUL SOLEMNIZATION!

MARTYRDOM OF HUSSEIN!

SORROWFUL MYSTERIES!

GRAND PROCESSIONS!

DERVISH ORDEALS!

REALISTIC REPRESENTATIONS!

SOLEMN CHANTINGS!

GLORIOUS APOTHEOSIS!

ZIKERS ON THE SON OF ALI!

TRADITIONAL BANQUET!

HORACE W. HUBBARD,

Director,

228 Bank St.

SAM. BRIGGS,

Potentate,

158 St. Clair St.

The usual symposium will conclude the ceremonies of the evening.

"With mirth and laughter let old wrinkle come,
And let my liver rather heat with wine,
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans."

The musical program will be in the usual elaborate style,
and under the direction of

Noble EMIL RING.

CANDIDATES receiving this notice are desired to be in attendance at the Recorder's Office, fourth floor, Masonic Temple, **not later** than seven o'clock p. m., in order not to delay the ceremonies attendant upon the departure of the caravan.

OFFICERS of the Temple are advised that the caravan will depart in (very) light marching order, that the weather of the season may not burdensomely oppress.

MEMBERS are especially requested to be punctual in attendance, and assist in making this

"MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM"

a living reality of social and festive enjoyment.

SOME REFLECTIONS.

"There's nought, no doubt, so much the spirit calms
As rum and true religion ; * * * *
* * * * All who joy would win
Must share it,—Happiness was born a twin.

Few things surpass old wine ; and they may preach
Who please,—the more because they preach in vain,—
Let us have wine and woman, mirth and laughter,
Sermons and soda-water the day after.

Man, being reasonable, must get drunk ;
The best of life is but intoxication :
Glory, the grape, love, gold, in these are sunk :
The hopes of all men, and of every nation ;
Without their sap, how branchless were the trunk
Of life's strange tree, so fruitful on occasion ;
But to return,—Get very drunk ; and when
You wake with head-ache, you shall see what then.

Ring for your valet—bid him quickly bring
Some hock and soda-water, then you'll know
A pleasure worthy Xerxes the great king ;
For not the blest sherbet, sublimed with snow,
Nor the first sparkle of the desert-spring,
Nor Burgundy in all its sunset glow,
After long travel, ennui, love, or slaughter,
Vie with that draught of hock and soda-water."